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one and putteth down another" in truly regal style, until the amateur can hardly tell whether his plant should be called a species, a sub-species, a variety, a sub-variety, a form or a sub-form. However he will be helped to know what this writer means by the six plates of details which accompany the monograph.

OPEN LETTERS.

In reference to "biology."

[The following has been received from a "prominent zoologist."]

So there is trouble in the botanical camp. The wicked zoologists have been taking more than their share and a "prominent botanist" accuses them in the September GAZETTE of lack of philological lore, of common honesty or of even worse crimes. He even insinuates that zoologists are ashamed of the word zoology. All because they claim to teach biology. My memory is not very long, but it runneth back to a time when the boot was on the other leg. Then biology was never heard of. Instead we had the college curricula with their natural history courses, composed solely of botany and geology. There was indeed the college museum with its leather sided animals and its rows of impaled flies and other winged tortures, but aside from this the existence of the animal kingdom was not recognized within college walls except in the Sunday dinner at the college boarding house. I repeat, biology was then unknown—not only the name but the very thing itself. Was aught of *βίον* seen when reading those dismal and dreary papers constituting a Glossary of Botanical Terms? Did the student learn anything about *life* while trying to separate *Thalictrum* from *Anemone* or trying to unravel the snarl of the Asters and *Solidagos*? I ween not. Life and biology—a discourse on life—made its first appearance in the minds of the students when zoology lebowed its way into the curriculum. It was not until the living *Amœba* (the animal is not a myth) thrust out its pseudopodia right in the very face of the student, not until the action of the frog's heart was studied by every pupil, that biology came in. Zoology brought the impetus and the idea and in many a college where the botanist still goes his weary round of finding out whether the *ovule* is *orthotropous* or *anatropous* and of looking at the placentation of the ovule, all study of *life* is still left to the zoologist. Why should not he claim the word biology?

Protective resemblance in *Cassia*.

I am in a sandy region abounding in *Cassia Chamæcrista* and *C. nictitans*. Did any body ever notice the protective resemblance of the pods to the *closed* leaves? It is especially marked in *C. nictitans*. Here the leaves when blown by the wind, or touched, close the leaflets upon the rachis, and then appress the entire leaf upon the main plant axis. The pods, with their lomentaceous tendency, bear a striking resemblance to these closed leaves, and are similarly appressed. In *C. Chamæcrista* they are divergent, as also, to a degree, are the leaves. Often I have been at first deceived, as to the fruiting condition of these pretty plants. Again, a yellow spider on *C. Chamæcrista* is amusingly like the flower.

Buttonwoods, R. I.

W. W. BAILEY.